

in luck for the time being and won every game. I thought a gleam of satisfaction shone over his face as the door opened and our other travelling acquaintance from Versailles—the quiet, careless husband—entered and sat down to play.

I did not play that night, and my whole attention was given to those two. The young man lost from the first deal. He left after a loss of five francs from the table by his watchful opponent; still he played on. The large sums he lost and the pale, excited face so plying interested me, and I stayed and watched him until late at night, when he left the room, his last Napoleon gone.

After supper at a coffee house I went back to my room at leisure, but for some cause could not sleep. The heat was oppressive and my room small; besides, the game I had been watching had excited me strangely, and I fell into a troubled sleep next morning.

I was awakened about daylight by voices in the adjoining room—those of a man and woman, evidently. The man's voice was low and pleading, and the woman seemed to be crying. I could hear enough to understand that his tone became loud and threatening, and at last I heard him say:

"If you refuse me, you seal my ruin and your own. I have no more gold, and I must have the diamonds to retrieve myself."

Hysterical sobs were the only answer he received, and he continued:

"Something tells me I shall win to-night, and I must have the ring."

"Never, Charles! I cannot give it up. It is all I have left. It was my mother's, and I will not let it leave me."

"The man's voice was so choked with passion that his words were inarticulate, but with a burst of wild anger he left, slamming the door. The woman's sobs became lower, her crying ceased, and I fell into another nap, not waking until near 10 o'clock.

I saw neither of my gambling acquaintances that day, and the night found me again in Monsieur Carlo's rooms. The old man was again on hand—not satisfied, I thought, with his winnings of the previous forenoon—again I saw a gleam of satisfaction cross his face as the victim of the night's evening came in and got ready to play.

"Make your game—the game is made up!" cried the dealer, and was about to deal the cards when the young man who had just entered called out in a loud voice:

"Fifty Napoleons on the red!"

"Seeing he placed no money upon the table, the croupier paused a moment, then said:

"Sir, you must stake the money."

"Who is she, Carl? The eyes affect me strangely, with their wild, frightened look. There is a reign of terror in them equal to the one her ancestors passed through. I almost see the shadow of the guillotine in their retreating depth."

"Let me see; ah, my little sister, my dearer know so hard a fate as this poor girl encountered and succumbed to. No, she is not French—a Russian—but married to a Frenchman." And Carl took the picture from my hand and placed it upon a small easel above his desk. "I will tell you about her, Louis, if you have an hour, and I will tell you why I told you."

"It was while Tom Barnes was with me last June, when we left Versailles for Paris, that I first saw Madame Lierre, though I think the name an assumed one. We had to run to prevent being left, I remember, and Barnes, out of humor because of it, plucked his face in his book, and left me to my own resources."

**The Grave of the Beloved.**  
The grave of those we have loved—what a place for meditation! There it is that we call up, in long review, the whole history of pleasure and pain, and of those moments of moments lavished upon an almost unheeded in the daily intercourse of intimacy; there it is that we dwell upon the tenderness—the solemn, awful tenderness of the parting scene.

The bed of death, with all its stifled grief—the noiseless attendance of the nurse, waiting amidst! The last testimonies of the soul's agonies! The feeble, fluttering, thrilling—oh, how thrilling!—pressure of the hand! The last fond look of the glazing eye, turning from us even on the threshold of existence. The faint, faltering accents, struggling in death to give one more assurance of affection.

Aye, go to the grave of buried love, and meditate! There settle the account with thy conscience for every past benefit unrequited—every past endowment ungratefully repaid—every joy unshared by the departed being, who can never, never return to thee by any contrivance.

If thou art a child, and have ever added a glow to the soul, or a sorrow to the ailing brow of an affectionate parent—if thou art a husband, and have ever caused the fond bosom that ventured its whole happiness in thy arms, to doubt one moment of thy kindness or thy love—by any contrivance, will come thronging back upon thy memory, and knocking dolefully at thy soul—then be sure that thou wilt lie down sorrowing and repentant on the grave, and utter the unheeded groan, and pour the unavailing tear—the more deep, more bitter, because unheeded and unavailing.

Then weave thy chapter of flowers, and strew the beauties of nature about the grave; console thy broken spirit, if thou canst, with these tender, yet futile, tributes of regret; but take warning by the bitterness of this thy contrite affliction, over the dead, and henceforth be more faithful and affectionate in the discharge of thy duty to the living.

**After Marriage.**  
One frequent cause of trouble in married life is the want of openness in business matters. A husband marries a pretty, thoughtless girl, who has been used to taking no more thought as to how she should be clothed than the birds of the field. He begins by not liking to refuse any of her requests. He will not hint, so long as he can help it, at care in trifling expenses—the more he likes to associate himself in her mind with disappointments and self-denials. And she, who would have been willing enough, in the early eagerness to please, of her girlish love, to give up any wild wish for the sake of her own whatever, falls into habits of careless extravagance, and feels herself injured when, at last, a remonstrance comes. How much wiser would have been perfect openness in the beginning!

"We must just so manage to spend this summer. Now, shall we arrange matters thus or thus," was the question I heard a very young husband ask his still younger bride, not long ago; and all the womanhood in her answered to this demand upon it, and he help at planning and consulting, never taking about a thing to be despised, though hitherto she had "fed upon the roses, and lain among the lilies of life." We are speaking not of marriages that are wedded Vulcan, because Vulcan prospered at his forge—but marriages where two innocent creatures meet, and, for the sake of the world, to learn the lessons of life, and to live together till death shall part them. And one of the first lessons for them to learn is to trust each other entirely. The most frivolous girl of all—the rosebed garden of a girl, a Jack-in-the-box, a doll, or ship-plug rope, protrudes through the paper, and suggest the nursery. He is brave and kind, though he makes no noise in the world. The humanizing influence of that darling red-checked little fellow who calls him father brings a glow and rapture of the purest pleasure to his face; for the man who has never felt a day hand clasp him, will at ways lack something—he will be less human, less blessed than others. This is the noble, the honest, the only form of life that imparts real contentment and joy, that will make a death-bed glorious, and live in age peace through the years. It is purely unselfish, and tenderly true; it satisfies the highest instincts; it stimulates us to the best deeds they are capable of.

**The Right Sort of a Man.**  
The man who has married for love is a happy fellow. He is generally cheerful and contented, and always takes about a thing to be despised, though hitherto she had "fed upon the roses, and lain among the lilies of life." We are speaking not of marriages that are wedded Vulcan, because Vulcan prospered at his forge—but marriages where two innocent creatures meet, and, for the sake of the world, to learn the lessons of life, and to live together till death shall part them. And one of the first lessons for them to learn is to trust each other entirely. The most frivolous girl of all—the rosebed garden of a girl, a Jack-in-the-box, a doll, or ship-plug rope, protrudes through the paper, and suggest the nursery. He is brave and kind, though he makes no noise in the world. The humanizing influence of that darling red-checked little fellow who calls him father brings a glow and rapture of the purest pleasure to his face; for the man who has never felt a day hand clasp him, will at ways lack something—he will be less human, less blessed than others. This is the noble, the honest, the only form of life that imparts real contentment and joy, that will make a death-bed glorious, and live in age peace through the years. It is purely unselfish, and tenderly true; it satisfies the highest instincts; it stimulates us to the best deeds they are capable of.

**ADVICE TO A BARRISTER.**—I want a close shaver. I am in a hurry. Do not put any oil or grease upon my hair. I never use any hair pomade. Please comb my hair up and back. I do not wish my hair trimmed or cut. I do not want any hair oil or pomade. I do not want any hair pomade or a bath. I have not heard the latest news from Egypt, nor I want to. I want nothing for politics, or science, or society. I do not care for stock or market reports. I am a stranger in the city, and I am not going to the ball this evening. I am a stranger in the city, and I am not going to the ball this evening. I am a stranger in the city, and I am not going to the ball this evening.

**Care of the Horse.**  
1. Never allow any one to touch or tie your horse in the stable. The animal only feels the torment and does not understand the joke. Vicious habits are thus easily brought on.

2. Never beat the horse when in the stable. Nothing so soon makes him permanently vicious.

3. Let the horse's litter be dry and clean underneath as well as on top. Standing on hot fermenting manure makes the hoofs soft, and brings on lameness.

4. Change the litter partially in some parts, and entirely in others, every morning, and brush out and clean the stall thoroughly.

5. To procure a good coat on your horse naturally, use plenty of rubbing and brushing. Plenty of "allow grease" opens the pores, softens the skin, and promotes the animal's general health.

6. Never clean a horse in his stable. The dust loads the crib, and makes him loathe his food.

7. Use the curry-comb lightly. When used roughly it is the cause of great pain.

8. Let the hoofs be well brushed every night. Dirt, if allowed to cake in, causes grease and sore heels.

9. Whenever a horse is washed, never leave him till he is rubbed quite dry. He will probably get a chill if neglected.

10. When a horse comes off a journey the first thing is to walk him about till he is cool, if he is brought in hot. This prevents his catching cold.

11. The best thing is to groom him quickly, first with a wisp of straw and then with a brush. This removes dirt, dirt and sweat, and allows time for the stomach to recover itself and the appetite to return.

12. Also let his legs be well rubbed by the hand. Nothing so soon removes a strain. It also detects thorns or splinters, soothes the animal, and enables him to feed comfortably.

13. Let the horse have some exercise every day. Otherwise, he will be liable to fever or bad feet.

14. Let your horse stand loose if possible, without being tied up to the manger. Pain and weariness from a confined position induce bad habits and cause swollen feet and other disorders.

15. Look often at the animal's feet and legs. Dismiss or wound in those parts, if at all neglected, soon become dangerous.

16. The feet should be kept "stopped" whenever they are not needed, by the use of a "stopper" twice in the week. It will make the hoofs soft and bring on corns.

17. Do not urge the animal to drink water which he refuses. It is probably hard and unwholesome.

18. Never allow drugs to be administered to your horse without your knowledge. They are not needed, keep the animal in health, and may do the greatest and most sudden mischief.

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